MAKING OF PAPER

Interesting Processes as Witnessed by a Visitor.

AN EVERY-DAY ARTICLE OF USE

Evolution of a Sheet of Paper From a Soiled Rag.

USE OF WOOD PULP

HE METHODS EMployed in the manufacture of Written Exclusively for The Evening Star.



such common use as paper are very apt to be overlooked by the or accepted without question as an unexolained process whereby an indispensable article is made and placed upon the market. The manof the most important industries in the

one of interest. It was a most prosale and unromantic reof worn-out, discarded stuff into which I stepped on my first trip, when the "rag was thrown open for inspection, cluttered with all sorts of material-waste from ills and factories, with everything that had



been swept up with it, pieces of bobbins and quilts, iron, wood and rubbish in general in the most chaotic confusion.

The first thing to be done with this mass was to submit it to a tearing and whirling process in a revolving machine called a "duster," where an immense cylinder set with spikes like harrow teeth gave the incongruous bulk a vigorous shaking up, during which the wood and metal, with occasional buttons, came rattling out on the floor like a small hall storm, while the rags were thrown over into a room beyond, where they were gathered up and carried into the

sorting room.

Here, with their heads tied up in kerchiefs, were a score of women and girls—standing at wooden sinks—each one surrounded by a number of barrels into which she sorted the stuff, chips into one, old paper into another, and so on.

After this sorting is over, the rags are thrown into a cutter, an oddly constructed machine with sharp teeth set in rows to catch and cut the bits of stuff that are fed into it. Another machine cuts them still finer, and then they are passed



Cutting Machine.

through a second "duster." which sets the dust flying again. Next comes the preparation for cleansing with lime water. The rags are pitched and crammed down a tunnel in the floor, which proved, on examination, to be an immense iron cylinder like a gigantic barrel—more than the height of a man in diameter—and three times that lergth. There were two of them suspended near the ceiling, called "rotary bleachers," which hold a ton each, and every night at 5 o'clock are filled with rags, the lime water put in, and the whole left to boil all night. When, the rags are done, workmen come with long-handled Implements and hook them out, and mountains of sopping, cooked rags loom up in the cave-like place.

The bleaching room came next in order, and up to it the lime-cleaned rags are conveyed in little cars, the full ones going up through the trapdoor by a broad band, and the empty ones coming down by a narrow one. Several tanks—huge enough to be bath tubs for the Titans—were ready to receive of a man in diameter-and three times that

tubs for the Titans—were ready to receive them, and men stood waiting with horrible them, and men stood waiting with horrible-looking torgs to clutch and toss them in. In each vat is a washing engine, which keeps a stream of clean water running continuously through, while the foul water goes pouring out through a great pipe. A screen of fine wire keeps the stock from washing away, and far in is machinery that grirds the rags, and sets of zigzag knives, which tear them without hurting the fiber, and there they are ground, dismembered and tormented for five or more hours, according to the degree of dirt and olliness when they are put in. Then the water is let off, a curious little trap which catches the buttons that have managed to accompany the rags so far on their way to accompany the rags so far on their way to being paper, is opened, the buttons scraped



down toward their final place of deposit in the river, and the chloride of lime and alum are next in order. After the bleaching powders are in, the whole mass begins to churn into foam, and is kept in this condition for an hour, the alum shining like a sliver crust on top of the drifts. The air is full of the keen steam im shining like a silver crust on top of a drifts. The air is full of the keen steam it, making one's nose tingle and conveythe sense of a grand, purifying day. "And Charlie said, 'All right,' and then drew up a check for \$100,000, and told the old man to put the autograph on it. It pleased the old man so much that he made it \$200,000."

ceaseless rinsings, the paper pulp is white as snow. Odor or color could never sur-vive such heroic treatment, and there has been nothing but winnowing, grinding, pounding and squeezing from first to last. But through it all the fiber has remained intact. As it comes out of the bleaching



In the Bleaching Room.

tubs and is piled in snowy heads on the little cars, it looks like cotton batting wrung into bits.

The pulp looks pure white, but if it was given no tint the paper would naturally be of a yellowish cast. So it is blued very much as a laundress blues her clothes. They use for this process ultramarine, and occasionally something which gives a reddish cast. In other mills various kinds of dye are used. But before the tinting there must be a final thorough rinsing to remove the chloride and alum, which would otherwise "kill the color." So in a final set of tubs the much vexed and beaten pulp is put through another running water course of treatment, then a man dishes ter course of treatment, then a man dishes in the blue fluid, and its lovely whiteness is

gone.

There also comes in another element in this last room before the pulp begins to take the form of paper. The mill I visited was manufacturing almost exclusively paper to be used for newspapers. For this nore or less wood pulp is used, and it is in this room that it is incorporated with the rag pulp. The woods used are spruce and poplar, the first being the stronger and the latter the whiter of the two. It is prepared in mills devoted especially to that branch of paper manufacture, and brought in large sheets ready for use. A man tears one of these sheets into fragments and throws them into the tub of pulp. The suction draws them swiftly pulp. The suction draws them swiftly within the power of the machine, which scon reduces them to a mush and mixes them thoroughly with the other, the combination of the two presenting the appearance of a munificent dessert of floating island—pale gold tinted islands on a frothy white sea.

island—pale gold tinted islands of white sea.

And now the protracted ordeal is nearly at an end, and the thin mush—which is a great deal of water thickened with what is to be paper—is conveyed to another long to be paper—is conveyed to another long to be complex arrangement. room by means of a complex arrangement of bands and wheels, of whirling, sliding things, the very sight of which dazes the senses of one who does not understand



their workings. Here the pulp is shaken as in a sieve, strained as in an endless milk strainer, and then pressed and compelled-into a narrow passageway, where absorp-tion takes place. It seems to be going over a dam and along a glassy-looking roadway substanceless, and before one knows how it can have happened it is going first over one hot cylinder and then over another, and if one follows on he will scon come to an endless web of paper being wound smoking hot on a huge roller.

Finally it is reeled and measured off, sheathed in strong coverings, labeled and expressed to newspaper and printing establishments.

Not less interesting was the color.

high in air, down which they were slid to high in air, down which they were slid to the dumping ground, suggested a saw mill. In the interior logs of spruce—fresh enough from the forest to be full of the fragrant rosin—were ready in four-foot piles. These were swiftly sawed into short pieces by two men, one who fed and one who held the wood against the dazzling, whirling steel. At another machine the bark was taken off, and a third—the guillotine—came down with terrible certainty and cleft it in billets as the operator presented it.

These were thrown into machines containing grindstones of tremendous power,



Cutting Wood Pulp.

and when next I saw it what had but moment before been a segment of a tree had been transformed into cream-colored pulp. Then it was put through anothe marvelously constructed machine, and, lo thick blankets a yard square, exquisite in color and ready to be carried to the paper

From the Kansas City Journal. If an Abilene paper correctly reports the testimony given last week in a whisky trial before District Judge Humphrey a new drink has been born in Kansas. A witness upon the stand gave testimony as

contained in the following cross-examina "What did you drink?" was asked.

"Hop tea."
"What was it like?" "Hop tea."
"Did you ever drink beer?"

"No, sir."
"Don't know what it is like?" Have you drank anything that resem

"What was it?" "Pilliwink. "Well," went on the county attorney,
"well," went on the county attorney,
"what is pilliwink like?"

"It is like hop tea," was the answer.
And all the attorney could further get
out of that witness was the statement that

pilliwink tasted like hop tea and hop tea

Only His Autograph. From the Boston Traveler. "Charles Henderson was smart." "How?"

"Why, just before his rich uncle died h called the young fellow to him and told him he had decided to leave him nothing

Slippers and Spun Cloth, Billiard Tables and Coffins.

INGENIOUS AND NOVEL USES

Mouse Traps of Glass and Houses Built of Glass Bricks.

FISH BAIT AND PEARLS

HERE IS AN IN-

is made to smash it, it ought to last formade wholly of glass, steps, landings and newel post being all of that material. Yet another is a glass barrel. But perhaps the most remarkable invention of the glass

The day may yet arrive when people will live in glass houses. A patent has been secured by another inventor for glass bricks of a peculiar pattern. The material of which they are composed being a first-rate non-conductor, these bricks will keep the cold out of a dwelling built of them, while admitting the light. It is claimed that they will exclude noise, being hollow. Further-more, the inmates of a glass house need not be afraid of being under too close of servation by neighbors, inasmuch as it is not requisite that the bricks shall be transparent. They may be of opaque ground glass, or of any color that may be suitable for decorative effect.

Thus before many years have passed it will be considered the height of luxury, perhaps, to occupy a dwelling of glass.

Glass bricks, of course, are expensive. People who live in glass houses will be able People who live in glass houses will be able to afford to wear clothes of glass. That sounds like nonsense, but the fact is that beautiful and most delicate fabrics are made out of spun glass. Nearly twenty years ago there was shown at the centennial exposition in Philadelphia a bonnet composed entirely of glass. It was a love of a bonnet. The flowers on it were glass, and so were the ribbons, which looked like the finest satin. The patentee of this process describes it as suitable for the manufacture of neckties, shawls, table covers, etc.

In fabrics of this kind a very fine quality of glass is used. It is spun in threads of exceeding delicacy, and of these several colors may be produced at the same time. They are woven in a loom of ordinary pattern. Anybody may observe that a thin sheet of glass is somewhat elastic. The threads employed in weaving are of such fineness as to be perfectly pliable, and not at all brittle. With a gown of glass would naturally go a pair of glass slippers. Not like Cinderella's. Oh, no! Cinderella did not wear glass glippers. Headily and the state of the control of of the contr not wear glass slippers. Her slippers in the original French story were of "vair." which means fur. Vair and "verre," mean-

A Pittsburg man named Smith has invented a process for making glass slippers in molds. They would not do very well for dancing. There is no reason why a glass strainer, and then pressed and compelled into a narrow passageway, where absorption takes place. It seems to be going over a dam and along a glassy-looking roadway like a fiume; now you see it plainly, the next instant it disappears; then it looks substanceless, and before one knows how it can have happened it is going first over one to cylinder and then over another, and if one follows on he will scon come to an endless web of paper being wound smoking hot on a huge roller.

Finally it is reeled and measured off, sheathed in strong coverings, labeled and expressed to newspaper and printing establishments.

Not less interesting was the pulp mill, where the wood pulp is prepared. The place, with its piles of logs, and spout high in air, down which they were slid to anything else, and decay has split the anything else, and decay has split the attribution of this ancient glass into laminae or flakes, which interrupt the light so as to produce brilliant red, green, purple and

Even Worms for Balt. The window blinds of the glass house of the future will be of glass, of course. That is another patent, and the inventor sugrests that such blinds may be made of whatever colors are desired. Baby in the nursery perhaps will play with glass building blocks, and at a suitable age he will receive a Christmas gift of a pair of roller takets with glass rollers. Both of these ideas have been patented. When he is old enough to go fishing he will not dig worms in the garden, but will be provided with artificial bait in the shape of a hollow minartificial batt in the shape of a hollow min-now of glass, coated on the inside partly with a solution of gold or silver, and partly with a luminous paint. The originator of this minnow says that it is a brilliant ob-ject in the water, and calculated to compel the attention of any fish that has a par-ticle of appetite. Glass bedsteads may be proof against light-ning and bugs, but it a bording to the

pected that glass houses should be free from mice. The inmates could hardly do better than to employ glass traps for the capture of such vermin. The great advantage of the glass mouse trap, according to the statement of the inventor, is that "if one mouse has entered the trap he may be one mouse has entered the trap he may be seen by others who chance to go that way, and they will be inclined to join the one inside, especially when they observe that he is nibbling a choice morsel." Up to date the glass mouse trap has not made itself popular, notwithstanding the important arguments in its favor and of more of the second of the control of the guments in its favor, and of most of the other devices described it is unfortunately true that they have not proved profitable to the persons who contrived them. This remark, however, by no means applies to the glass lemon squeezer, which is already a familiar household utensil. The inventor of it is said to have sold his rights for \$50,000.

Bottles and Pitchers. The most meritorious inventions do not

always obtain adoption. For example, several good processes for making glass bottles by machine have been patented. But they are not used to any great extent, because the trade of the bottle makers is conservative. Glass pitchers, handle and all in one piece, are now being produced in molds by pressure. The upper part having been formed in the mold, the lower part of the pitcher is distended to the requisite

globular shape by forcing compressed air downward through the neck.

The art of making pressed glass is an American invention. Many centuries ago buttons and such little things of glass were produced by means of primitive pinch-molds. But now this branch of manufacmoids. But now this branch of manufacture has been brought to such perfection that cups, bowls and other articles of pressed glass closely imitate the costly cut glass. The process is very simple. A measured quantity of melted glass being placed in the bottom of the moid, down comes a plunger, which forces the vitreous fluid into all parts of the moid. When cold the "cast" thus obtained is taken out of the moid.

the mold.

The latter, of course, may be of any shape desired and of as elaborate a pattern. One of the most remarkable inventions in glass, by the way, was that of a Venetian named Joquin, in 1656. He noticed that the scales of a fish called the bloak gave a milky hue to water, and that glass beads dipped into such water looked like pearls when dried. Bubsequently the idea was conceived of making hollow heads of glass and lining them with the peculiar substance from the scales of the fish, and it is in this way that the so-called Roman pearls are now manufactured. It is to this pearls are now manufactured. It is to this substance that the iridescence of the scales of many species of fishes is due

Making of Mirrors. To the Venetians also must be attrib-

NOVELTIES IN GLASS uted the earliest manufacture of mirrors on a commercial scale, isoon after the beginning of the sixteenth century. Before that time small convex mirrors of glass were produced in Germany by blowing glass globes into which a melted mixture of tin, antimony and resin was passed through a tute. Throughost thus coated was subsequently qut into lens-shaped

was subsequently qut into lens-shaped pieces.

In the manufacture of the early Venetian mirrors a sheet of tinfoil was laid upon a flat surfaced and mercury was poured over it. Thema sheet of glass was slid carefully over the mercury and heavy weights were placed upon it for the purpose of squeezing out all but a thin film of the quicksilver. The fin and mercury having combined the mirror with a few finishing touches was ready for use. This process continued to be employed up to about sixty years ago, when it was superseded by Baron Liebig's invention. Mercury is no longer employed, its use being attended by danger to health. In old times the teeth of the workmen used to fall out, and they suffered from a variety of distressing disorders. Now a solution of pure silver is used instead, the metal being deposited on the glass by chemical means. and they suffered from a variety of distressing disorders. Now a solution of pure surfers in sused instead, the metal being deposited on the glass by chemical means.

But the greatest achievement of glass making up to date is the production of the glass making up to date is the production of the glass making up to date is the production of the glass that the greatest achievement of glass making up to date is the production of the glass that the greatest achievement of glass making up to date is the production of the glass that the greatest achievement of glass making up to date is the production of the glass coffin, which is guaranteed proof of devices in glass. Among these is a glass coffin, which is guaranteed proof of against decay and rats. So long as not deliberate attemptit, it ought to last fortivance is a staircase of the disk are found impurity, the surface of the disk are found impurity, the surface of the glass and other blemishes. The rown disks for the crown and film lenses us, steps, landings and if the greatest and other blemishes. The rown disks for the crown and film lenses us, steps, landings and if the greatest and the greatest and the greatest and the greatest achievement of glass bricks entired to the greatest greate

rays for growing plants, and costs only 3½ cents a square yard.

Glassmaking is very ancient, dating back a long time beyond the Christian era. The origin of it is unknown, though various apocryphal stories are current respecting its discovery. For modern civilization to get along without it would be almost as difficult as to dispense with paper, which rivals glass in respect to the number of patents granted for its varied uses.

RENE BACHE.

CARRIED OFF BY A CROCODILE.

Woman is Seized and Killed, but a From the Blackburn Times.

A correspondent at Madras gives a graphic account of an adventure with a crocodile. He says: As we were proceeding in our cutter up the Jumbo canal (Oris sa) on the 17th ultimo we received the news of a won an having been taken by a mugger, and on coming to the spot we tied up and waited, in the hope that the reptile would come to the surface with its prey in order to make a meal, as they are unable to feed under water. Presently there was a subdued cry of "Mugger hoi, Sahib!" ficm one of the boatmen, and the man added that it had the woman's body in its added that it had the woman's body in its mouth. We saw part of its head and back above water, and also the arm of its victim protruding as it swam along, evidently looking for a place to land. Our excitement was intense as we carefully followed its course and hoped for a chance of a shot. The crocodile-made for the opposite tank, but instead of going ashore it lay on the long grasses and reeds in about four feet of water, with the body in front of it. After watting for some time to see if the feet of water, with the body in front of it. After waiting for some time to see if the reptile would land, and as it seemed to have no intention of doing so, H— determined to try and get a shot at it. He crossed the canal some distance down in a small boat, and crept stealthily along under cover of the canal bund as near as he dare without disturbing the mugger, as their sense of hearing is very keen.

Peering over the top of the bund, he could see its eyes and the frontal bone above water, and at this he fired. There was a tremendous commotion, and the crocodile relinquished its prey and sank, coming to the surface again almost im-

coming to the surface again almost im mediately. It was difficult to say whether the monster had been hit, although the the monster had been me, analysis come commotion and the fact of its having come for air led one to think commotion and the fact of its having come up again at orce for air led one to think that it had. Unfortunately, it rose between H— and the cutter, so that it was impossible to fire again. The men then proceeded to search for the body of the woman, and succeeded in landing it. The corpse was that of a woman about thirty years of age. She had not been long dead, for the blood was oozing from a wound in her temples and the limbs were still limp. The mugger had evidently dragged her away by the arm, for that limb was fearfully shattered and all but torn off. Otherwise the body was untouched. The face wise the body was untouched. The face tore a terribly agonized expression, the teeth clenched and the features set in a lock of absolute horror. Unluckily, we were pressed for time, and so could not wait to see the result of the shot or get a chance of following it up with any more.

BROKEN HEARTS IN FRANCE.

Held of Less Account by the Law From the London Daily News. In 1.0 instance does the profound dif-

ference of national character in England and France appear more striking (says our Paris correspondent) than in the views held on both sides of the channel regarding breach of promise. Of course, engage ments are broken off in France as well as in England, but it is only in England that heavier damages are awarded for a broken heart than for a broken leg. The offense is all but unknown in the French law courts, whether it is that Frenchmen are less inclined to it, or that the Frenchmen are less inclined to it, or that the French girl dislikes bringing her sentimental troubles into court. To show English readers how incredibly prejudiced French persons of both sexes are upon this subject, it is how incredibly prejudiced French persons of both sexes are upon this subject, it is enough to say that a young lady who attempted to turn her wounded feelings into cash would be regarded as only a degree less mean than the faithless man.

The very small number of suits for breach of promise have always been supported by a plea that the lady was put to expense, and there must be besides evidence of an intent to deceive. Damages in any case are very small beside the royal amounts awarded by Erglish juries. On Saturday, however, an action for breach of promise a l'Anglaise was brought into the third Paris police court. The lady and her father, as nearest friend, produced a bill showing that they were 150 out of pocket for the broken engagement. They might have had this, but, badly advised, they put on another item of £350 for the moral prejudice. The French judge did not understand this, and he dismissed the case.

From an Exchange. No limit has ever been found to the uses of a small boy's pocket. One day at school a little girl put up her hand to attract attention.

"Teacher, Johnny's got a caterpillar!" Johnny was, of course, called to the desk, made to surrender the cherished possession, and sent to his seat with a reprimard. In about two minutes the same small hand waved in the air again and the

A second surrender of the caterpillar and a second admonition followed.

Hardly had silence once more settled over the room when a frantic waving of the same hand was followed by a perfect shriek of dismay:

"Teacher, Johnny's got a whole pocket-"Teacher, Johnny s sor a whole penals ful of caterpillars!"
This time the teacher's dismay equaled her pupil's, and Johnny was promptly sent home with his brood of strange pets.

When the hair has fallen out, leaving he head baid, if the scalp is not sldny, there is a chance of regaining the hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

Gabe Bouck and the Detested Pension Bill.

Senator Edmunds' Definition of the Impossible-An Art

While Gabe Bouck was a member of Congress from the Oshkosh district in Wisconsin a pension bill was before the House during one of its sessions that caused him considerable vexation of spirit and tribulation, for while his personal convictions were directly opposed to it, his personal interests were strong enough to whip him into line, and when the bill came up for final disposition Gabe voted with the ma-

among society ladies, and his bright wit-ticisms made him a general favorite at re-ceptions and banquets. One day while rid-ing toward the Capitol in an F street car he sat opposite several ladies near the cen-ter. One of the ladies noticed that Gabe was smilling sweetly and indulging in a sly wink caracteristic so she crowded up closer

was smiling sweetly and indulging in a sly wink occasionally, so she crowded up closer to her neighbor and motioned him to sit beside her. As Gabe seated himself in the vacant place she said:

"Mr. Bouck, what's the use of sitting over there smiling and winking at me when you can sit close beside me and whisper?"

"I beg your pardon, malam," said Gabe;
"I was smiling and winking at that little colored girl up in the further corner."

The misfit eyes had caused her to miscalculate. he had won her heart. Girls' hearts are

Senator Edmunds was once standing with a visiting English statesman on the high steps at the west front of the Capitol, looking down Pennsylvania avenue toward the Treasury Department. The stranger had seen much to interest and amuse him in Washington.

"You have a wonderful country and a wonderful people here, Mr. Senator. Noth-ing can be impossible with such go-ahead inhabitants.'

inhabitants."

"Oh, yes," said the Senator; "some things are impossible here. It is impossible to march a brass band down that avenue and have a crowd of colored people go in the opposite direction at the same time." A Congressman from the far west, walk-

A Congressman from the far west, walking along F street one day, saw in a show
window a little statuette in tay of a ragged, bare-footed urchin who had stubbed
his toe, and had the injured foot up on his
knee caressing it. On the margin of the
base were inscribed the words, "By gosh!"
"By Josh," mused the statesman, thoughtfully, "I wonder what the sculptor's other
name is."

Bereavement Brings Truth Home to

'rom the Chicago Tribune. When the well-to-do boarder's little boy died she called in the woman who swept and scrubbed halls, attended to the furnace and did scullery work in general about the place, and showed her the little fellow as he lay in his flower-decked coffin, so sweet and pretty in his last peaceful

The scrubwomen had a boy of her own just a few days younger than the dead child, and when the well-to-do boarder's nessage came she hastily wiped the suds from her erms and grabbed up her baby

The two women stood over the tiny cas-ket for a time in silence. At last the moth-er's self-control gave way and she bowed her head over the boy and bathed the little cold face with tears that blinded her aching eyes and scalded her thin, careworn cheeks.

The scrubwoman set her baby on the The scrubwoman set her baby on the floor and folded her arms stoically.

"Don't, ma'am," she said without a quaver in her coarse, strong voice. "You ought to give thanks with all your soul. I wish to God it was my boy lying there inetead of yours."

The boarder laid her hand over the woman's mouth and interrupted the impas

sioned speech.
"Don't say that," she cried. "You don't realize the meaning of your words. It might come true. Your boy might die." The scrubwoman smiled.
"There's no such good luck as that," she "There's no such good luck as that," she said bitterly. "It's always such as yours that goes and such as mine that stays. He's never been well, and he never will be well. He's a torment to himself and to me and to everybody about the place. It's a continual scratching to keep bedy and soul together, and if I should die what would become of him then? It ain't that I'm unstarrelly bedshorted but problem and

become of him then? It ain't that I'm un-naturally hardhearted, but pinching and scraping alorg makes brutes of anybody. Anyway, he'd be better off."
"You'll be sorry some day," the other re-plied, turning again to her own little one. The boarder moved away, and it was three years before the two women met again. A few days ago the well-to-do woman was going through a locality the ins to her for many months, and among the scrubwomen on the steps of a large building she saw her former charwoman of the oarding house.
"How is Freddy?" she asked, the first

greeting over.

The woman's lips trembled.

"Freddy's dead," she said, putting down her brush and drying her eyes on the cor ner of ner apron.

The boarder grasped her hand in ready sympathy. "I'm so sorry," she said simply.

"It just happened last week," the scrubwoman went on between sobs. "I've remembered a thousand times what you said about being serry. It was all true. There's not an hour that I don't want him with me again. If I only hadn't said it! My poor

Onre for the Baby. From Life.

Wife-"John, why don't you go to sleep?" Husband-"I'm afraid it might wake up the baby." Thoroughbreds.

Tim McCarthy-"Say, Cull, wot kind of er dawg is dat dawg o' yourn, are he t'ouroughbreed?"

Cully McCall—"You bet he are—he's a
Irish setter—he's allus settin' around when
deys somethink to do. What kind is Tim—"Mine mus' be a fox hound; he's so dern foxy, whenever I go to shoot at any-think he runs behint of a tree."

wander into the departments to unfold their grievances. Not long ago a good specimen of the genus made his appearance a the Post Office Department, and as he wanted to see "one of the judges" a bright messenger steered him into the room and up to the desk of one of the old clerks in the fourth assistant's office, whose gray hairs and dignified appearance helped to carry out the deception. The vicitor, so a Star reporter is informed, was evidently an old soldier, as his complaint was in reference to the management of one of the soldiers' homes. After listening to his discontinuous

diers' homes. After listening to his dis-jointed utterances for a moment, the clerk wheeled around in his chair and said: "My friend, I am not the proper person to come to with such a complaint, I am—" "Yes, you are," interrupted the crank. "The man out in the hall told me you were just the bne to fix things for me," and he continued with a long string of grievances.

In man out in the half told me you were just the bne to fix things for me," and he continued with a long string of grievances, until the clerk, who was quite busy, stopped him with the remark:

"I can give you no relief for your troubles, you should go to the War Department," and corcluding 'hat his troublesome visitur was a crank of the first water, he continued: "Come around here and sit down, and I'll connect you by telephone with the Secretary of War. That will save you the trouble of going up to his office through the hot sun and waiting a long time for an audience."

The clerk seated the crank at a little table behind the high-backed desk, then going around beside his own chair he uncoupled from the gas jet the long tube which led to the drop light on his desk. Putting the tubing over the high back he placed the end in the hands of the complainant and

end in the hands of the complainant and remarked:
"Tacre you are. That puts you in direct connection with the Secretary himself. Talk to him all you want to."

And he did talk to the Secretary for a full hour, to the great amusement of the clocks.

And he did talk to the Secretary for a fun-hour, to the great smusement of the clerks in the room. Finally, after he had relieved himself of a big batch of complaints, he laid down the "telephone" with a sigh of satisfaction, and, as he took his hat to go,

said to the clerk:
"Some one ought to notify the War Department that there is a big leakage of gas somewhere up there."

HE OR SHET The End of a Summer Romance-Which Was to Blame?

From the Boston Home Journal. Miss Bailey and Mr. Blank. He, one of those desirable, fascinating

fellows of summer, and she a real summer girl. His entire time and attention was given to her and to no one else. It is not strange that when his short vacation was ended

easily won where men are few. Did he promise to write her upon his

Did he promise to write her upon his immediate return to the city and see her when she also returned?

Aye, faithfully, and so they parted, he rejuctantly (?) returning to the city and she remaining desolate and unhappy at the shore. Every few days he wrote her tender, sympathetic episites, each telling of his loneliness, his key, etc.

The time was now at hand. She would test his devotion and weigh its worth. She would write him a letter and pretend she had met his wife. What a good joke it would be, and how he would ree!! What fun! So, in a cool, dignified manner she penned the following:

Dear Mr. Blank: I received your last yesterday and am shocked at your conduct.

There was a large hop given here last

duct.

There was a large hop given here last night, the largest one of the season. A great many strangers came down, and among them, your wife!

I was introduced to her by Mrs. Somebody, and when I heard her name I was

body, and when I heard her name I was pained, indeed.

I cannot comprehend how you could ever treat such a dear, sweet, lovable little woman in the way you have. Men should treat their wives honorably and justly, "and forsaking all others, keep her unto him." If I have been rash, pardon me, but my moral views are high, I assure you, and I could not let such conduct pass unnoticed. If there has been any mistake, forget it. Let me know what the real truth is, for I am deeply shocked and grieved. Allow me to remain, Sincerely,

ELIZABETH ETHELBERT BAILEY.

Mr. John Y. Blank. pained, indeed.

ELIZABETH ETHELBERT BAILEY.
Mr. John Y. Blank.
The reply came:
Dear Miss Balley: I am grieved that you should have been so pained. Your discoveries are, indeed, very startling, as much so to me as yourself. I appreciate your high moral views and agree with you "that a man should treat his wife honorably and justly, and, forsaking all others, keep her unto him." I thank you for your seep her unto him." I thank you for you many kind suggestions. With such discoveries as you have made, the law in such a case would prevent my doing otherwise than allowing you to remain Elizabeth Ethelbert Bailey.

I am, dear Miss Balley, your obedient JOHN YEOMANS POTTES BLANK. JOHN YEOMANS POTTES BLANK.

Miss Elizabeth Ethelbert Bailey.

The note fell from her hands. She was bewildered and surprised, shocked at the consequences. Was it true that he was married?

Did he believe that she had met his wife?

That was a question. He did not say that he was married, nor that he was not. There was nothing more to be said, so the acquaintance closed. A mistake was made. Which made it,

A CHINESE VENTRILOQUIST. The Wonderful Illusion Created by

From the Philedelphia Times.

A man who witnessed the performance, gives the following description of what a ventriloquist in China did:

The ventriloquist was seated behind a screen, where there were only a chair, a table, a fan and a ruler. With the ruler he rapped on the table to enforce silence, and when everybody had ceased speaking there was suddenly heard the barking of a dog Then we heard the movements of a worden She had been waked by the dog, and was shaking her husband.

We were just expecting to hear the man we were just expecting to near the man and wife talking together, when a child began to cry. To pacify it the mother gave it food; we could hear it drinking and cry-ing at the same time. The mother spoke to it soothingly, and then rose to change its clothes.

Meanwhile another child had been waken-

ed and was beginning to make a noise. The father scolded it, while the baby continued crying. By and by the whole family went back to bed and fell asleep. The patter of a mouse was heard. It climbed up some vase and upset it. We heard the clatter of the vase as it fell.

the vase as it fell.

The woman coughed in her sleep. Then cries of "Fire! fire!" were heard. The mouse had upset the lamp; bed curtains were on fire. The husband and wife waked up, shouted and screamed, the children cried, thousands of people came running and shouting. houting. Children cried, dogs barked, the walls

Children cried, dogs barked, the walls came crashing down, squibs and crackers exploded. The fire brigade came racing up. Water was pumped up in torrents, and hissed in the flames.

The representation was so true to life that every one rose to his feet and was starting away, when a second blow of the ruler on the table commanded silence. We rushed the screen but there was rething behind the screen, but there was nothing there except the ventriloquist, his table, his chair and his ruler.

Size of Families. From Harper's Magazine. It was Mr. Grant Allen who set forth

some years ago in one of the magazines hat the obligations of a married woman to society were not to be settled on a basis of fewer than five children, that being the number which Mr. Allen found necessary if the population of the country is to be properly kept up. Edward von Hartmann, the German metaphysician and essayist, takes a much more comprehensive view of woman's duties. Eleven children apiece is woman's duties. Eleven children apiece is von Hartmann's assignment to German womankind—two before the twentieth year, five in the twenties, three in the thirties and one in the forties. It is astonishing how much learning it is possible for a German professor to secrete without acquiring with it any considerable admixture of sense. No wonder metaphysics should be reported to be growing unpopular among German students.

SMELLED THE GAS BY TELEPHONE. ARE YOU A BICYCLIST? A majority of the cranky people who visit Washington make the White House their If So, Are You Certain It Agrees With You?

WHAT PHYSICIANS SAY

Some Good Advice to All Riders of the Wheel Who May Be in Danger

Without Knowing It.

"Next to my friends I love my bicycle!"

She was an enthusiastic young women who ut-tered these words and she evidently meant them. There is so much exhibitantion and pleasure in riding a blevele that it is so wonder it is so nor

But like every good thing it has its drawbacks. People who have ridden a bicycle for any length of time are almost always troubled at times with pain in the back. It is a fact which admits of no dispute that the vibration of the wheel causes, in nearly every case, more or less kidney, liver or urinary difficulties. Not that these froubles are serious at the beginning, but they are liable to become so if they continue. There is no more serious trouble in the world than kidney trouble, whether in nen or women, and there is nothing more certain than that it must be checked in time, or broken bealth, shattered strength and untimely death are sure to follow.

Any man, woman or child can ride a bicycle without any danger from these troubles if the kidneys and urinary organs are only kept regulated. But, of course, there is the great difficulty. Every physician knows that it is difficult to regulate these delicate organs, and all physicians admit that there is absolutely but one remedy for these troubles. That remedy is Warner's Safe Cure. This great discovery is acknowledged to be the only cure for these difficulties, because it stimulates gently the kidneys and all adjacent organs and causes them to continue in perfect health. There need be no fear of backache, peculiar pains, depressed feelings, or any of the thousand things which indicate kidney difficulty, where this great Safe Cure is used continuously and in time. So that bicycle riders need not fear, but can ride to their hearts' content, providing only they are careful, providing only they watch for the approach of the first symptoms of kidney difficulty, ard providing only they check them in time.

A Bird That is Met Far Out at Sea and

From Good Words From the deck of a cape steamer, far out on the wastes of ocean, one of the first birds that obtrudes itself upon the notice of the passengers is the cape petrel (Procellaria capensis), known generally as the "cape pigeon," although the reason why it is called a pigeon is not very clear, as it has nothing to do with the family of the Columbidae. It affords infinite diversion to the passengers of the ocean-going steamers, who, tired of looking at the endless expanse of blue, welcome this little

less expanse of blue, welcome this little companion of their solitudes.

When the southeast "trades" are piping merrily among the shrouds, and the "white horses" in their thousands are falling and curling over a bright and sunlit sea, the cape petrel seems thoroughly at home in the moving and coruscating scene. For in the latitude of the southeast "trades," though the wind blows a half gale or even a full gale, the skies continue clear and blue, and the deep cerulean hues of the heavens are reflected upon the bosom of the ocean. Then is the sailor's heart glad within him, especially if he is on board of a sailing ship, for the same swift breeze, scarcely varying a point, will carry him quickly on the right tack, and for days, it may be, hardly a block need be shifted. guickly on the right tack, and for days, it may be, hardly a block need be shifted. With such bright skies above him, so that he may read the heavens when he likes, and a free course before him, the mariner welcomes the little cape pigeon as a petrel of good omen, and gladly throws overboard bits of refuse and provender, which the bird quickly snatches at as his reward. Sometimes one is caught with a hook and line, and on deck it presents a sad and pitiable spectacle, as it cannot rise and can only run along the deck in helpless fashion with outstretched wings, vomiting large quantities of reddish-colored oil. This, it is said, it does out of self-defense. Its length is about fifteen inches, and it can easily be recognized by its black head and speckled chin.

A Nebreska Woman Who Has No Like ing for Romantic Outcomes. From the Nebraska State Journal.

A paper in western Nebraska contains the outline of a story that should be slung into undying verse by a poet as good as the author of 'Enoch Arden." Some years ago in the town where the paper is publishdaughter. He seemed prosperous, and his credit was good for anything he desired. taking with bim nearly everything that wasn't nailed down. He had made about

taking with bim nearly everything that wasn't nailed down. He had made about every man in town a creditor, and when he went away the people betook themselves into outer darkness for a while and wailed and gnashed their teeth.

The wife and daughter were treated the same as the rest. They found themselves destitute. The fiend in human form who had so long officiated as husband and father had left them not a dollar. The lady and her daughter were, of course, looked coldly upon for awhile, as people believed them to be in collusion with the departed. But they were not depressed by this. They went manfully to -work like little heroines in a play; the mother did sewing and the daughter did whatever she could get to do. They prospered, as they deserved to prosper. The older heroine in time established a millinery store, which captured all the trade, while the younger became principal of the schools. They had money in the bank, and could eat ice cream whenever they wanted to.

The other day a seedy tramp called at the back door of the lady's residence and asked for a drink and something to eat. The good woman looked at him intently and recognized her husband. And now the really beautiful part of this story comes in. Did the lady kill the fatted calf for the prodigal and bid him welcome and forget the past? Not to any great extent.

She called the family dog, a large creature, with a penchant for human remains, and no man ever climbed a tree quicker than did the erring husband.

and no man ever climbed a tree quicker than did the erring husband. Speedy Justice in Oklahoma.

rom the Chicago Tribune.
"Whenever a man is shot by an officer of the law in our country he is immediately described by the newspapers as a member of one of the several bands of desperadoes supposed to infest that section,' supposed to infest that section," said Charles B. Adams of Guthrie, Oklahoma, Mr. Adams was clerk of the federal court from the opening of the country until last July, and is returning home from a trip to Washington on business connected with that office. "As a matter of fact, criminals are apprehended, convicted and punished in Oklahoma much quicker in proportion to the population than in the older communities. Owing to the scattered and light settlement of the country it is easy to apprehend a criminal, and the border lawlessness that marks the opening of a new country is followed by a strong determination to suppress and eradicate such a condition. There is no sentiment among those drawn together to try a ment among those drawn together to try a criminal, and frequently a verdict is sel aside, owing to its severity."



Mr. A. H. Cranshy of 158 Kerr street, Memphis, Tenn., writes that his wife had cancer which had taten two large holes in her breast, and which the best physicians of the surrounding country treated, and pronounced incurable. Her grand-

and when told this, the most emines

specialists of New York, under whose treatment she was placed, declared ment having failed, she was given up to die. S. S. S. was recom-mended, and, astonishing as it may seem, a few bottles cured her sound

be sent free to any address.

Our treatise on this disease will SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.